


TO EAT THE FRUIT, CLIMB THE TREE

||||| STEELE



Of course I want
to sit with you—
to float weightless on your breath
above the bluebell and
the whitethorn
at the east end of the orchard.

Of course I want
to rest.

I want to sleep.
But listen,

we cannot let the landlords live.

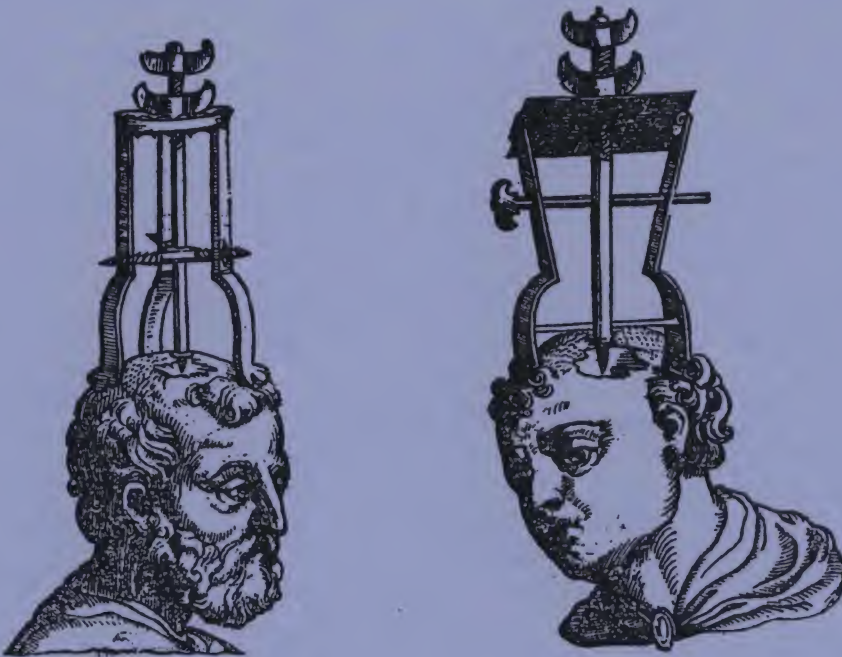


Steele is a nonbinary communist poet from the Shenandoah Valley.

Your idea of misery: *to submit.*

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